

EVENING BULLETIN.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1857.

HOW A SUN-STROKE AFFECTS MAN.—The general impression is that death by sun-stroke is very painful, but the contrary would seem to be the fact, judging from the following account of the effect of such a visitation, given by General Sir C. J. Napier. He experienced an attack while in Scinde, where the thermometer, according to the General himself, was of as much use to him as it would have been to a boiling lobster, and wrote as follows to one of his daughters: "The sun-stroke was a staggerer; yet my hope is to die by one, for never can death come in an easier shape. I was just dead asleep; it was dead as I have been left alone; but the only feeling of the transition would have been a tiredness, like that experienced at being suddenly waked up before time. This was to a degree almost to be called painful, then came a pleasant drowsiness, with anger that the doctors would not let me sleep. Were it not for others, would that my horn had then been sounded: so easy, so delightful, I may say, was the approach of death." This resembles the accounts that have been given by men who have been saved from freezing to death, after having got far down into the dark valley; so that the excess of heat and the excess of cold produce precisely the same effect.

STEAMBOATS ON THE DANUBE.—The Christian Advocate and Journal, of this week, has an interesting letter from Hungary, written by Mr. H. Winter, an American ship-builder, who is building boats on the Danube, for the Danube Navigation Company. This company have about \$17,000,000 invested. They have 96 side-wheel steamers, 19 propellers, 450 barges, and 150 landing bridge boats and coal tenders. All the steamers and barges are built of iron. The writer says: "The two boats which I now have on hand are getting along very well. The engines are on the usual Hudson river boat principle, with walking beam. These boats were modeled by the late Mr. George Steers. The water lines are the same as those of the John Nelson, of New York. These boats will cost about \$112,000 each."

ILLNESS OF GEN. WALBACH.—The veteran Gen. Walbach, Col. 4th Artillery, lies dangerously ill, with no hope of recovery. Thus, probably, will pass away, in a few hours, one of the brightest ornaments of the army. Pity it is that we have so few such men left. Gen. Walbach is in his ninety-first year, and has seen service in Europe and America, extending over three quarters of a century. He served under Louis XVI, and often had the Dauphin on his knee.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.—The following portrait and sketch of the great essayist and historian is furnished by Mr. Reah, the London correspondent of the *Iverness*:

There is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big, round face, and large, staring and very bright eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, and his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he has passed. But he needs no one; seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare, and smile, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gets still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich—a fashionable white bait house, which, it appears, he frequently patronizes. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreaming. All at once—it must have been toward the climax of the verse or prose which he was working up in his mind—Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous party dining round instinctively started up at the curious incident. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and his umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.

A LUCKY FELLOW.—The life of Miss Bronte, author of *Jane Eyre*, just published is not only a readable book, but it has caught both the secret of her character and the experiences from which she drew her illustrations. Think of the Flemish weaver in "Shirley" and then read this:

A man that Miss Bronte knew who was a small manufacturer, had engaged in many local speculations, which had always turned out well, and thereby rendered him a person of some wealth. He was rather past middle age, when he bethought him of insuring his life; and he had only just taken out his policy when he fell ill of an acute disease, which was certain to end fatally in a very few days. The doctor, half hesitatingly, revealed to him his hopeless state. "By jingo!" cried he, rousing up at once into the old energy, "I shall do the insurance company! I was always a lucky fellow!"

HAY CAPS.—Some thousands of tons of hay might be saved and much hard work and vexation prevented, if all the farmers would provide themselves with hay caps before commencing their haying. Now is the time to provide them, and nothing can be more simple. All that is wanted is as many pieces of cotton sheeting, two yards square, as you will be likely to have cocks of hay at any one time, liable to be caught in a shower. The corners of the cloth should have loops to pin them to the hay by long wooden pins made of hazle bush or any other smooth sticks, which are preferred to stones in the corners.

As to the usefulness, profitability, and convenience of hay caps, there is now no longer any room for dispute—the thing has been proved by thousands—proved that no farmer in America can afford to do without hay caps; because they will generally pay for their cost every year, and some seasons those who have used them assert that they have paid their cost more than twice over.

N. Y. Tribune.

Two Women Yoked to a Plow.—During last week a very unusual sight attracted the attention of the railway passengers while the trains were passing through Bishopston of Moss. It was that of two females yoked to a plow, which was guided by an ungallant male, who held the stilt. The only way of accounting for this eccentric proceeding is the suggestion that the land, which is newly reclaimed, is too light to admit of horses being employed.

Greenock Advertiser.

THE ADVANCED PRICE OF TEAS.—The total export from China to the United States for the period between the 1st of July, 1856, and the 8th of March, 1857, shows a falling off of 16,838,178 lbs on the exports of the year ending 30th June, 1856, with no probability of the exports being largely augmented for the period between the 8th of March (the date of the last trade circular) and the 30th of June next. In fact it is said to be safe to estimate the additional export of black teas for that period at not over 500,000 lbs, and of greens at certainly not exceeding 3,000,000 lbs. The *New York Post* says:

In this state of the supply, which must at least be over twelve million pounds short at the end of the season, consumers as well as dealers acknowledge a higher standard of value for the fragrant herb. The advance in black teas, Oolongs, since last December has been fifteen cents per pound; and Young Hyson teas, of low and medium grades, have experienced an advance of one hundred per cent. over last season's closing prices.

A few "lines" of Young Hyson, embracing about four hundred packages, which were sold at auction in this city last November, at four cents per pound, have been resold by the purchaser at twenty-five cents. One of the dealers on Front street has already cleared between \$100,000 and \$200,000 by his operations in tea during the present season.

It will thus be seen that the strong and rapid advance in the tea market has been the result of a short supply and active demand; but when it is considered that we may hear at any moment of the entire suspension of shipments at Shanghai, and in fact, that as soon as a sufficient force from England arrives at the seat of war, all five ports of entry in China will probably be placed under strict blockade, it would not be surprising to see teas at a much higher figure than they have yet attained.

"RAG AND BONE-PICKERS' PARADISE."—In the rear of Nos. 88 and 90 Sheriff street, in the Eleventh Ward, is located "Rag-pickers' Paradise." It is so named from the fact that hundreds of rag and bone-pickers reside, assort, and sell their stock in trade at that point. Formerly this place, and numerous others in this ward, were greater nuisances than they are at the present time. Parties doing business at these places have, during the past year, been under the supervision of Health Warden Green. By dint of persevering daily efforts, he has partially succeeded in educating them in the matter of cleanliness. Much yet remains to be done. The entrance to "Rag-pickers' Paradise" is from Sheriff street, when you at once approach a block of dilapidated cottage buildings with narrow balconies, in which are hung large quantities of cast-off garments, rags, &c., in the process of drying.

This block is occupied by pickers both male and female. As you pass you are saluted at once on entering by a regiment of dogs, and you may regard yourself fortunate if you escape a bite. At least fifty or sixty dogs are kennelled within the yards and houses. Some of them have evidently in their day done service, harnessed to the rag carts in the transportation of the sickening nuisances in the shape of decayed vegetables, damaged meat, bones, bread, cheese, and numerous other obnoxious sundries, which are scattered promiscuously in the yard, and emit a stench almost unendurable by mortal man, which he never educated his nasal organs to relish such a vile stink for the sake of horning up a few hundred dollars.

It is midday. You enter the rooms occupied by the pickers. Their rags and bones are mainly assorted there. In barrels, boxes, baskets, and pans, on the table, under the table, in chairs, and every corner of the room, may be seen the most disgusting collection of matter gathered and garnered, awaiting the arrival of wholesale merchants with their two-horse wagons, to whom they are about to sell the sickening trash. You hasten to the street. The wagons are in waiting. The accumulated nastiness is moving from the yards. Progress is being made in transferring barrels, boxes, and tubs from the yard. Municipal corruption corrupted! Whew! what a smell! At least a dozen carts are being loaded in the street, and this, too, at the business hour of the day, 1 o'clock P. M. Well would it be if this was but once in a lifetime. It is a regular daily transaction, yet, strange to say, respectable families reside and do business in that neighborhood and vicinity. These carts frequently remain in the streets for three or four hours, waiting for their daily customers who may have strolled too far away from Paradise by their heavy burdens to return in due time.—N. Y. Tribune.

ROBINSON CRUSOE A CANAL CAPTAIN.—A somewhat novel craft came down the canal on Saturday afternoon and tied up at the dock. It was a small built boat about fifteen feet long and three feet wide; but the novelty consisted in the peculiar motive power, it being towed by dogs. The boat was accompanied by but one man, a cripple from infancy, having no use of his limbs below his knees. He manages to hobble about slowly by walking on his knees upon which he wore something similar to shoes. He is from Chicago, and says he is going to New York for medical treatment.

His dogs, of which he has six, large and powerful animals, are trained to perfection, and understand and obey his word of command as well as a human being could. They tow his boat along at the rate of four miles an hour, he from the boat giving the directions. When they meet a boat they lay down close and let the tow-line pass over them and thus take the inside. He has a wagon on board for overland journeys. His boat, an open one, by a canvas covering, supported on posts, is converted into a saloon which he and his dogs, together with a tame racoon, use for parlor, dining-room, and bed-room, all together, on terms of equality and good will. He carries four loaded pistols to protect his dogs from attack. After procuring a stock of provisions for himself and his command, he ordered his boat a little way from the shore and attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of passers-by who crowded around to solve the mystery. This happy family reminds one forcibly of their old friend Robinson Crusoe, as being on a pleasant voyage down the Erie canal. He pursued his travels early the next morning.—Lockport Courier.

OPPOSED TO THE DECALOGUE.—The London Advertiser states a fact which shows that men occupying prominent positions are not above the need of the most elementary Sunday school instruction. It says that a candidate for Parliament to the recent election, in the course of an electioneering speech, was asked: "What do you think of the Decalogue?" Confounded by the inquiry, he turned to a friend and asked, in a whisper, "what does that mean?" The friend, whose acquaintance with divinity was on a par with his own, replied by suggesting that it probably meant flogging in the army. Whereupon the candidate declared: "I entirely disapprove of the Decalogue, and will never rest till I see it abolished." The gentleman was elected, and is now a member of the new Parliament. The Advertiser adds: "We pledge ourselves for the perfect accuracy of this statement."

Our Birds.—Birds in Galveston are to be counted by thousands. Time was when none were to be seen. With man came the blessings and beauties that adorn and cheer his home. Mocking birds are numerous; at daylight the whole city is ringing with their songs, and late at night their thrilling notes break sweetly and strangely upon the dark stillness. Among others, large numbers of little yellow-breasted birds, said to be a species of the Canary, build their nests in the China trees around the dwellings. What a pity that we have no city laws against the destruction of these beautiful ornaments of our homes, provided by Providence.

Texas Advocate.

An Immense Steam Engine.—A correspondent who has been visiting the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania writes of an immense steam engine at Swanton, which is used simply to create a draft for the iron furnaces. It is of 1,700 horse power, and fills a good-sized three-story brick building. The writer says it is the most magnificent steam engine in the world, and that a mate of like dimensions is now building.—Boston Traveler.

"Well, neighbor, what's the most Christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to his friend. "I have just bought a barrel of apples for a poor woman. Just like you! Who is it that has made happy by your charity time?" "My wife!"

By an almost unanimous vote, the Baptist Association of Virginia, on the 8th inst., resolved to withdraw their countenance and support from the American Tract Society.

[For the Louisville Bulletin.]

THE NOTABLE J. J. ALIAS THE REV. G. GORDEN. This honest, high-toned preacher of religion, in the Journal of this morning, fairly charges that I wrote an "anonymous" account of a speech made by the Rev. W. W. Everts, and that that gentleman had complained of it. There is not the shadow of truth in his allegation respecting myself, nor is there any reason for supposing there is any in the statement relative to the Rev. Mr. Everts. I made no anonymous notice of the speech of Mr. Everts, nor has he ever made any complaint to me, nor, as I have reason to believe, to any one else, of any act of mine in regard to it. If the Rev. G. Gordon would apprentice himself to the art of learning to tell the truth he might improve his prospects for this world and for the world to come. He shall hear from me again, and he may as well prepare himself for rendering an account of his stewardship.

T. S. BELL.

MARY ANN'S WEDDING.—As Related by Mrs. Jones.—"We were all preparing," said Mrs. Jones, "to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the girls were going, and we were going to take the baby; but come to dress the baby, I could not find the baby's shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of one of the drawers on purpose. I know'd just where I had put it; but come to look for it 'twas gone."

"For mercy's sake!" says I, "gals," says I, "has any one on your baby's shirt?" "Of course, none of 'em had seen it; and I looked, and looked, and looked again, but 'twas nowhere to be found. It's the strangest thing in all nature," said I, "here I had the shirt in my hand not more than ten minutes ago, and now it's gone, and nobody can tell where. I never see'd the beat. 'Gals,' says I, 'do look around, can't ye?' But fretting wouldn't find it, so I gave it up and went to the bureau, and finished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start. Father harnessed up a double team—we drove the old white mare then, and the gals and all was having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow I couldn't get over the shirt! 'Twas the shirt so much; but to have anything spirited away from under my face and eyes so, 'twas provoking!"

"What ye thinking about, mother?" says Sophrony; "what makes you look so sober?" says she. "I'm pestered to death, thinking about that ere shirt. One of you must have took it, I am certain," says I.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, "you needn't say that. As I'd laid out her a good many times, she was beginning to get vexed, and so we had it back and forth, and all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding."

Seeing company kinder put it out of my mind, and I was getting good natured again, though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, "what could have become of that shirt?" till at last they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was mor'n half frightened to death when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told them to fine hands. She first gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, and that the minister meant him, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way, a left-handed marriage all around; but by this time they didn't know what they were about, and Mary Ann joined her right hand to his left, then her left with his right, then both their hands again, until I was all of a fidget, and thought they never would get fixed.

Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey, and, to make matters worse, she began to cough, and to turn it off, I suppose, and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been drinking, and the tumbler stood right here, and I was so nervous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, I ketch'd up the tumbler and run with it to her for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink—I don't know how it happened, but the tumbler slipped, and gracious me, if between us we didn't spill the water all over the collar and dress.

I was dreadfully flustered, for I thought it looked as tho' it was my fault, and the first thing I did was to cut with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, and he took it. The folks had held in pretty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didn't know what had given them such a start, till I looked and seen that I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!"

Here, Mrs. Jones, who is a very fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.

"Why," said she, with tears of laughter running down her cheeks, "I'd tucked it into my dress for a kerchief. That came from being absent-minded and in a fidget."

"And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?"

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever attended."

"And the baby's shirt, Mrs. Jones?"

"La me," said Mrs. Jones, "how young folks do ask questions. Everybody agreed I ought to make Mary Ann a present on't."

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "t'wan't long 'fore she had use for it. And that's the end of the story."

THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.—The attempted murder of Col. Price and his son by a man named Gay has created no little excitement in the vicinity of Winchester, Ky., where it occurred. The cause of the attack we find in the *Cleveland Leader*, as follows:

Gay supposed himself and family to be wronged by allusions made in a sketch written by Mrs. Price and published in the Ohio (Cleveland) Farmer. The publication alluded to is entitled "Life Sketches of Heart Histories," and, without referring in plain terms to the Gay family, is, nevertheless supposed to be founded on incidents in their lives, and truthfully portrays their characters. The history given in this sketch is that of two persons—a man and a woman—the latter a member of one of the first families of Virginia—the former a dissipated gambler and speculator. While on a journey from home, the girl became acquainted with this fellow, acquaintance ripened into a deeper feeling on her part, and he, learning that she was possessed of wealth, professed tender feelings for her, and they were married, of course, and removed to Kentucky. The father of the girl delayed handing over to his daughter's husband her marriage portion—the "bankrupt son-in-law" showed his true colors, and the girl found to her unavailing sorrow that she had fallen the victim of avarice. The father then forced her to leave her husband, and she fled to her father's home in Virginia. The story is only tolerably well written, but evinces a good deal of severity of feeling.

Gay conceived this to be intended to apply to him, as doubtless it was, and, prompted by a fiendish spirit of revenge, he met the husband and son of the writer of the story and perpetrated the atrocity referred to.

ESTABLISHING AN HEIR.—P—K—, late Probate Judge of a neighboring county, was waited upon one warm afternoon by a luxuriant matron with a child in her arms, whose business, as she said, "of a Probate nature." Mr. K., being a polite man, intimated his readiness to learn her wishes. "Now," said she, hushing her baby, and squaring herself for a regular talk, "you see, Judge, my husband was a forehanded man, and left a good farm, well stocked, and just because I am a lone woman in the world, his relations are going to throw me out or all but a third. Now Lawyer told me, some time ago, that if there was an heir, he would take it all, and I should be his guardian."

"How long since your husband died?" asked the Judge. "About thirteen months," was the reply. "And how old is the child?" "Four weeks," was the answer. "I am afraid this case is beyond my jurisdiction," said the Judge; "you had better go back to 'Squire—." "But," said the woman, "if your Probate Court can't establish an heir, what is it good for?" The woman was in the Judge when the stunning sensation produced by this conviction.—Detroit Advertiser.

LOST.—A bunch of keys last evening in the vicinity of the Post Office. The finder will be rewarded by leaving them at the Journal office.

Persons troubled with any sort of humors, or any derangement of the stomach and liver, will do well to read the advertisement of Kennedy's Medical Discovery in another column. This preparation stands deservedly high as a blood purifier and tonic.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS.—We learn that Mons. Martenia, a celebrated juggler, wire-dancer, and ventriloquist, is en route for this city, where he intends giving a series of entertainments.

WHITE TEETH, PERFUMED BREATH, AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.—can be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when the using "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed **ETRIEDGE & CO., N. Y.** For sale by all Druggists. J. S. Morris & Son, Agents, Louisville, Ky. apr 21 j&b&w

CHURCH NOTICES.

We are requested to state that the Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D. D., will preach in the Second Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, and at night at 8 o'clock.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.—Divine service in this Church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and Sunday School at 1 o'clock P. M. Rev. J. S. Wallace rector.

Lord's day morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 8, Elder D. P. Henderson will address the public at the Christian church, corner of Fourth and Walnut, on themes thrilling and momentous.



MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of our commonest weeds a remedy that cures

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,

FROM THE
Worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases, both of them humors. He has now in his possession over one hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two bottles will clear the system of biliousness. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth or stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the Eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers of the throat.

One bottle will cure scaly eruptions of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of ringworm.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three to four bottles are warranted to cure salt-rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the above quantity is taken.

DEAR MADAM: The reputation of the Medical Discovery, in curing all kind of humors, is so well established, by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it, that I need not say anything on the subject, as the most skillful physicians and the most careful Druggists in the country are unanimous in its praise.

In presenting the Medical Discovery to your notice, I do it with a full knowledge of its curative powers, in relieving all, curing the most of those diseases to which you are unfortunately subject. That most excruciating disease to an affectionate mother.

NURSING SORE MOUTH. Is cured as if by a miracle; your own temper is restored to its natural sweetness, and your babe from short and fretful naps to calm and sweet slumbers; and the Medical Discovery becomes a fountain of blessings to your husband and household.

In the more advanced stages of

CANKER It extends to the stomach, causing **DYSPEPSIA,** which is nothing but canker on the stomach; then to the intestines and

KIDNEYS, creating a sinking, cold feeling, and an indifference even to the cares of your family. Your stomach is

RAW AND INFLAMED, your food distresses you, and you can only take certain kinds, and even of that your system does not get half the nourishment it contains, as the acrimonious fluid of the canker eats it up; then your complexion loses its bloom and becomes sallow or greenish, and your best day is gone. For want of nourishment your system becomes loose and flabby, and the fibres of your body become relaxed. Then follow a host of diseases which the Medical Discovery is peculiarly adapted to

CURE; Palpitation of the heart, pain in the side, weakness of the spine and small of the back, pain of the hip-joint when you retire, irregularity of the bowels, and also that most excruciating of diseases, the

PILES. How many thousands of poor women are suffering from this disease and pining away a miserable life, and their next door neighbor knows the cause. I wish to impress on your mind that good old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

MEDICAL DISCOVERY you have both the preventive and the cure, with this great and good quality that it will never, under any circumstances, do you any injury.

No change of diet ever necessary—eat the best you can get and enough of it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adults one table-spoonful per day. Children over ten years, desert-spoonful. Children from five to ten years, tea-spoonful. As no directions can be applicable to all constitutions, take sufficient to operate on the bowels twice a day. Yours, truly,

DONALD KENNEDY. Price \$1 per bottle. For sale by Patton, Agents, 74 Fourth street, Louisville, Ky. jun 12 diam&w

Valuable National Works only to Subscribers, PUBLISHED BY APPLETON & CO., New York.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE DEBATES OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Sumner. Volumes 8vo. (Volume 1 now ready.) This work will contain all that is important which has occurred in the Congressional debates since the organization of the present government, and which, in the unabridged form, fills over 100 volumes at a cost of \$500, and is unfit for use when purchased; whereas the present work may be had for \$3 a volume, and will include a full and systematic index of each volume, making it easy to turn to any subject and to find each precedent of present moment. A book invaluable to those who desire to be completely "at home" in the political or working history of our own government from 1789 to 1856. It is taken from Gales & Seaton's "Annals of Congress," their "Debates of Congress," and from J. C. Givens's Official Reports.

Also, a New **CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR,** by Burton. To be completed in 24 numbers. First numbers ready. 8vo. Price 25c. To be illustrated by over 600 original designs by best artists and 24 portraits on steel of celebrated men. The letter-press will fill 1,200 pages, and will be carefully fitted for circulation in the family as well as elsewhere.

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Wanted. A GOOD Washer and Ironer. Inquire at this Office. m30

An old friend says: "For ten years I have bought my stationery, and school books, such as First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers, grammars and dictionaries, primers and spellers, arithmetics and histories, my blank memorandum and pass books, copy and ciphering books, letter, cap, and note paper, business and note envelopes, slates and slate pencils, playing cards and bonnet boards, ink and inkstands, steel pens and pen-holders of C. Hagan & Co., 507 Main street, between Third and Fourth." It's the place to get your money back. Uniform low prices, excelled by no other house. Quantities sold to suit purchasers and every satisfaction guaranteed and rendered to customers. Grocery, confectionery, and drug houses, who buy to sell again, will consult their own interest by giving Hagan & Co. a call. j8 blm

F. Yeiser & Co., Fourth street, under the National Hotel, are now selling their rich and fashionable jewelry, fine watches, and diamonds at cost and 10 per cent. It is conceded by all that there has never been in the city a richer and more fashionable stock of jewelry than theirs; therefore purchasers will do well to examine their stock before buying elsewhere. m22 btf

We would invite the special attention of persons, especially ladies, in want of the richest and newest styles of fancy dress goods and the best brands of staple goods to the stock at the store of G. B. Tabb, corner Fourth and Market streets. At this house can be found styles of goods not to be found in any other house in the market, which in point of beauty and elegance cannot be excelled. Ladies visiting our city will find it greatly to their advantage to give this house a call and examine the various kinds of goods before making their purchases. His stock of silk and lace mantillas is the largest in the city, embracing a variety of new and desirable styles. His stock of silks, berege and grenadine robes, embroideries, and lace goods cannot be excelled by any Western house. He has also a large and well selected stock of cottonades, heavy cotton drills, plaid cottons, osanburgs, &c., for servants. Call and examine the stock of this house before you make your purchases, and we feel sure in saying that you will be convinced that this is the house to buy good and cheap goods.

Corner of Fourth and Market streets. apr 7 j&b

TRY IT AND SEE.—If there is any person in the whole range of our paper who has never had occasion to test the virtue of Porter's Oriental Life Liniment, he should immediately purchase a twenty-five cent bottle and be convinced of its utility. For the cure of Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Old Sores, Tetters, Rheumatism, &c., it is the most popular remedy now in use, and is equally popular in diseases of horses. For the cure of Sweeney, Scratches, Stiff Joints, Cuts, Mogs, Swellings, &c., it is unrivaled.

The Oriental Life Liniment is put up in three different sized bottles and sold at twenty-five, fifty cents, and one dollar per bottle. Principal depot, 96 Third street, Louisville, Ky., and sold by dealers everywhere. m28 j&b&w

NATIONAL TRUNK EMPORIUM.—We were astonished yesterday in dropping down into the establishment of Mr. J. H. McLeary, corner of Fourth and Main streets, to find that he carried on such an extensive business, and had so great and beautiful and cheap a variety of trunks and other articles necessary for travelers. We were astonished at the extent of his manufactory. He employs about thirty hands, and makes all of his articles of the best and most durable material. He has also on Tenth street a large box factory. Mr. McLeary is a clever, go-ahead, enterprising man, and we are not surprised that he is succeeding so well in his business. He understands it very thoroughly.

GREAT ATTRACTION—Concert, Fruit, and Flowers.—To-night Mozart Hall will be again crowded by the lovers of things beautiful and charming, as the ladies, in connection with all the previous attractions, have added a rich treat in the acceptance of a kind offered by several well-known amateur singers, who will give a grand concert during the evening. This will fill the Hall when it is known that all this delightful entertainment is given for the same nominal entrance fee. The Hall will be open all this day to visitors.

[For the Louisville Journal.]

Artificial Eyes inserted, in movement and appearance as perfect as the natural eye.

